[fic] Different Kinds of Heat.

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Title: Different Kinds of Heat.

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Characters/Pairings: Castiel, Uriel.
Rating: PG for violence.
Warnings/Spoilers: Violence, S4 spoilers (in case you haven't seen it.)
Notes/Prompt: I've gone and fudged around with SPN Uriel's backstory, and with a few other things. It's not quite what you wanted, but I hope you like it.

Beta-ed by jabber_moose, so many thanks to her. The prompt is the summary, as well.
Summary: The first time Castiel kills a demon, his hands shake from nerves. The black spirit feels hot, and Uriel is laughing in his ear.

For the castielfest.

There was no room for hesitation, no room for fear in his mind when the mindless beast reached out its claws to rend his wings into many bloody parts. A minor demon, of no consequence to any angel, and even as Castiel reached out and purified it with a touch, he saw his hands shake.

Time seemed to slow as the black smoke and rancid green-yellow flesh of the demon turned to nothing as he touched, and there was the distinct sensation of a greasy slipperiness on his fingers as the demon shrieked in agony and could not stop itself from finishing its lunge.

More of the demon's form fell onto him, even as it burned away at his touch, but there was *more* of the green-purple flesh and black smoke, and more as the demon stretched itself in an effort to engulf Castiel.

His hands were still shaking, and the greasy feeling was truly beginning to bother Castiel as he breathed in air he did not need and extended his Grace to purify all of the demon.

There was a brief flash of white-hot light, and the demon was gone, and his hands were clean, and time seemed to settle itself back into its proper speed. Uriel gave a bark of laughter, and Castiel twitched as he looked at his companion,

who was still burning in his eyes as his own Grace hid itself once more.

"Uriel," Castiel said. His hands wouldn't stop shaking. "Why are you laughing?"

"Ill-made as it was, that was the first life you have taken," Uriel said, and Castiel looked at his hands. Meeting Uriel's gaze would have been dangerous, he felt.

To his surprise, his hands were still shaking, and he had to admit confusion. He had been made to destroy those who did not follow God's will, and he had done his duty, yet his hands betrayed some feeling that he could not have felt. Should not have felt, and Castiel furrowed his brow in mild confusion.

Perhaps that was why Uriel was laughing, he theorized. Uriel could see his hands, and Uriel had seen countless angels kill for the first time.

"Is this a common occurrence?" Castiel asked, after a moment.

He did not need to look at Uriel to know that the other angel understood his question. A long time ago, Uriel had killed for the first time as well. Castiel wondered what it had been like, and who had fallen first, and then he regretted wondering. Angels weren't supposed to wonder about their pasts. Soldiers weren't supposed to question.

"It's called nerves, Castiel." Uriel answered, and he was smiling in an odd sort of way when Castiel looked at him. "You're not used to it. Don't try to understand it - kill more, and it will go away."

"When I am commanded to kill, I will." Castiel answered, knowing it was expected. "I will not act until then."

Uriel laughed again, and there was that odd sort of look about him. "Then you will become used to death very soon, Castiel. Hell awaits us, and Earth."

Castiel withheld his questions, not understanding Uriel's words and expressions, and uncertain if he wanted to know the answers to his unspoken questions.

The trouble was, he would know soon enough.

Uriel had been telling the truth, Castiel knew now. Descending into Hell to retrieve the Righteous Man had eased the shaking in his hands, and he was used to the greasy feel of demon on his skin.

He knew the smell of blood, and the stench of demon, and he could purify demons with only a small touch, and didn't need to keep touching for long. The Righteous Man was more than someone to rescue, for the act of raising him from Hell had given Castiel many valuable lessons, and one lesson he often wished he could go without.

Castiel had found several rooms and realms in Hell during a brief period when he had been separated from his garrison, and in these rooms he saw condemned souls and demons at their work and punishment.

There were many expressions on their faces (if they had faces) that Castiel did not recognize, and in one small white room, he had been forced to stop and look for longer than he had time for.

A man sat alone, chained to a chair. His hair was long and gray, his features were sunken, and his eyes stayed locked on Castiel's wings.

Castiel stopped to look, frowning slightly as he struggled to place the man's expression. It was familiar, and he had seen it before.

"Why do you look like that?" He asked the man, unable to go without an answer.

The man took several minutes to respond, voice scratchy and obviously long out of use. "...never going to see home."

Castiel finally put a word to the emotion and expression: despair.

Castiel finally realized that he had seen Uriel feeling despair, and he had seen Uriel laugh while in that state.

Uriel, former archangel of the Lord, Uriel, who had been demoted for unspeakable actions while on Earth, Uriel, who had once spoken to God directly, and who knew more about the future than a soldier such as Castiel would know.

Uriel would need a reason to feel despair, Castiel realized, and as he moved onwards into Hell, he realized that his hands were shaking.

Castiel discovered that angels died as hot as demons did, when he felt Uriel die merely feet from him. Anael had done the deed, and he saw her hands tremble with Uriel's death.

When Dean Winchester, his Righteous Man, needed him to commit that same sin for the sake of Earth, he discovered angels did not die the same way demons did.

There was heat, and light, and unbearable sadness that lingered, but they were not greasy. They did not draw upon his precious reserves of Grace and power when he killed them, and Castiel understood *why* Uriel had held that expression: his hands did not shake when angels died at his hands.